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TRIFLES.

"YOU SEEM EXCITED, DEAR. WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"
"POOR JACK MURRAY! I HAVE JUST REJECTED HIM."
"OH, DON'T MIND A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT. WHY, I REJECT HIM EVERY SIX MONTHS!"

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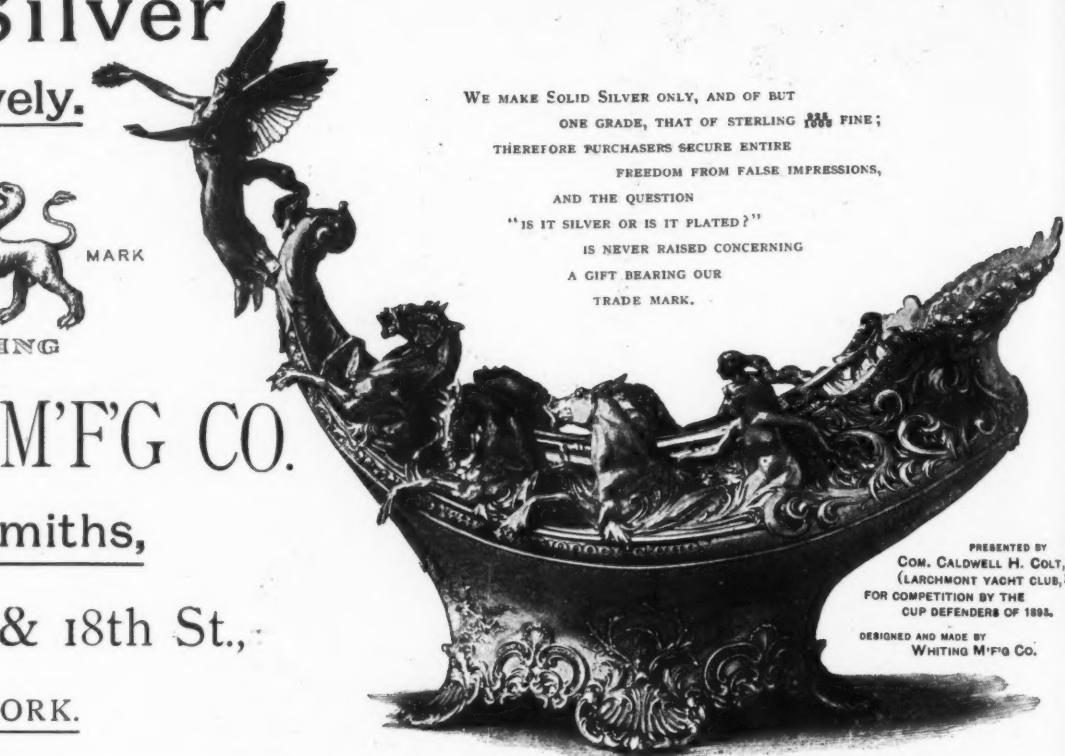
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Additional Importations
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West 23d St.

VOLUME XXIII.

LIFE.

NUMBER 580.

LENT BEGINS.



THE SOCIAL CIPHER.

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Mr. Ward McAllister

Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens

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Mrs. Duncan Elliot

Mrs. W. D. Sloane

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

Mrs. Paran Stevens

?

NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT.

"THE sun never sets on England's dominions," remarked the boasting Britisher.

"England reminds me of an old hen," responded the Yankee.

"Why?" demanded the Britisher, angrily.
"A hen's son never sets, either."

THE editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-beats. It is his own circulation that he is looking after.



Uncle Josh (on a visit): WELL, MINTA, YOU'VE GROWED SO I RECKON YOU'LL BE A GITTIN' MARRIED AFORE LONG, EH?

Minta: NO. I'M GOIN' TO REMAIN SINGLE AN' BE A SKIRT DANCER AN' HIGH KICKER. I'VE GOT SO NOW THAT I KIN KICK AS HIGH AS MY HEAD. I COULD TAKE THEM GLASSES OFF YOUR FOREHEAD WITH MY FOOT AN' NEVER TOUCH YOUR EYEBROW. DO YOU WANT ME TO DO IT?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

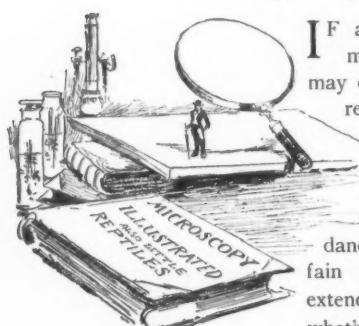
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FOX-HUNTING is an admirable sport, but it has been suggested as an objection to it that it sometimes inconveniences the fox. Politics is a good sport also, but an analogous objection may be made to that, that it sometimes inconveniences the governed. That objection is very much to the fore just now. Matters are lively in Washington. Squabbles abound there. Congressmen make eloquent and amusing speeches about Hawaii; Senators have fun with the President's nominees, and the President has fun in return with some of the Senators. It is great sport for our rulers, but for us who are governed it is not so merry. We are being considerably inconvenienced. We want our Tariff Bill passed, so that we can do business. If Congress will please pass that bill it is welcome to have any amount of fun afterwards in any way that seems convenient. But please, gentlemen, we would like that bill passed first; and in the name of common sense, or whatever it is that you most respect, pass it by itself, without any contaminating association of income tax.

* * *



IF anyone doubts that amusement is a serious business he may easily correct his views by remarking the entire equanimity with which "society" contemplates the approach of Lent. There may be some hardy heads who have not

danced enough yet, and would fain have the dancing season extended, but the average citizen, whether man or woman, and no

matter how frivolous, welcomes Lent no matter how early it comes, and marks the first day of it with a white stone. One reason for this resigned attitude undoubtedly is that going to balls as a steady diversion is not all that

the fancy might paint. Man that is born of woman, when he has reached years of discretion, loves to sleep. At least he loves to have slept. To spend in waltzing the hours that are meet for slumber may do on occasion for variety's sake, but the habit of it does not grow on its victim. He knows plenty of better ways of making life worth living than going to balls.

* * *



THE truth is that in this blessed land of Protestant piety we have dispensed with all the asperities of Lent, and retained all its amenities. As adapted to our conditions, it relieves us of obligations which have become irksome without depriving us of any rational felicity which we enjoy. No wonder we welcome it. It puts a stop to dances, and gives us dinners

instead, and of course we prefer dinners as being far less laborious than dances, and much more filling at the price. It has been recognized these many æons that life would be tolerable but for its amusements. It is in Lent that the Utopian vision of a life without an amusement comes nearest to being realized. Excused from the heated pursuit of a whole class of pleasures, it is natural that we should feel relieved and happy. And we do. We are happy, comparatively, all through Lent, the only trouble with it, as we have improved it, being that there is not enough of it. When civilization has progressed a little farther it will be understood that the true period of mortification and self-sacrifice is that which begins with the holidays and ends with Ash Wednesday. During all that time we are overfeeding, over-gadding and going without our natural rest, not because we like it, but to promote the happiness of our fellows. That is the real Lent, and the sooner we realize that forty days of it are enough, the better it will be for ourselves and our digestions.

* * *

THERE is much humor about the suggestion of Mr. Dana's newspaper that Mr. Cleveland's mind is not altogether sound. Doubtless it isn't. Nobody's mind is altogether sound. The most sanguine person would not pretend, for instance, that the mind of the editor of *The Sun* had ever been altogether sound—at least not in historical times. Yet what an admirable (though unsound) newspaper Mr. Dana makes. His mind is sound enough for the successful prosecution of his business. And so, undoubtedly is Mr. Cleveland's.



"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

CHARACTERS FROM THE HOUSEHOLD
OF J. M. BARRIE.

GAVIN DISHART, The Little Minister of the Auld Licht Kirk in Thrums.
BABBIE, Known as "The Egyptian," married to Gavin.
TAMMAS HAGGART, The Humorist of Thrums.

SCENE: *The summer seat in the garden of the Auld Licht Manse in Thrums. Babbie is seated in the sun of a warmish June day, knitting blue yarn stockings. Enter Gavin from the door of his study, carrying a new book in his hand.*

GAVIN (sitting near Babbie): He's been at his tricks again.

BABBIE: Who?

GAVIN: Jamie Barrie. Here's more writin' about us he's been putting in a book.

BABBIE (looking at him slyly): Does he tell any more tales about a Little Minister who was fooled by an Egyptian?



"HE'S BEEN AT HIS TRICKS AGAIN."

GAVIN (dropping into Scotch affectionately): Ah, my lassie, but Jamie did mak you braw and bonnie in the buke! I am no sayin' that you're not a cantie bit stocky wi the licht o' heaven i' your een, but Jamie shudna' hae flattered you so to your face. It's wicked and wardly!

BABBIE (with a mocking sigh): We all have our trials to bear, and it's yours to have a worldly-minded woman for a wife.

GAVIN (indignantly): I did not say that, my lass. I said Jamie Barrie was worldly to put your capers with the soldiers in a book,

and to tell everybody that you had a bonnie face.

BABBIE (roguishly): Well, haven't I?

GAVIN (cannily): Some might think so. I have no definite opinion.

BABBIE (with flashing eyes): You haven't, my little minister? Then what did you mean by your compliments that evening when you came to meet me at Nanny Webster's well? I'll have you up before Tammas Whamond and the session of the Kirk for deceit and false speaking.

GAVIN (laughing): Oh, but I love to rouse the Egyptian in your flashing black eyes! They glow with fire like Loch Lomond at sunset.

BABBIE (demurely): And you, an Auld Licht minister, blethering like that to a woman who has been your wife for a year! You're what Tammas Haggart calls a "blaw-i-my-lug."

GAVIN (who has learned her ways): A man, even a minister, soon learns to manage his wife by telling her what she likes to hear. Tammas gave me that advice soon after I married you, and he is a wise man.

BABBIE: Tammas has been spoiled because Jamie Barrie put him in his book. The other day he spoke to me about "me and Rab Burns and other leetary men." He was finding fault with your sermon at the time as hardly up to his standard.

GAVIN: Barrie may have spoiled Tammas a little, but Thrums as a whole is proud of his books. I think I understand my people better by reason of them.

BABBIE (seriously): Yes, he has put in his books the heroism of poverty. It is so easy to put a rich and titled hero in a book, but to show heroism in narrow and forbidding circumstances, like Jess and Hendry's, in "A Window in Thrums," is a very difficult thing.

GAVIN: He does more than that. He shows you the compensations of poverty. All the books I used to study at the University made poverty a hateful thing—a blot on the fair earth. But Barrie's Thrums' weavers teach a different lesson.

BABBIE: And we who live among them

know how much better off they are than many of the rich. I know I should be happier in Jess's cottage than I was in Lord Rintoul's castle.

GAVIN (putting on his severe preacher's manner): It's the fear of the Lord that glorifies the life of rich and poor alike.

BABBIE (mischievously): I am not so sure of that. It's only the poor who fear the Lord; the rich patronize Him. I know, for I've lived with both kinds.

GAVIN (a little shocked): We must not jest with serious things.

BABBIE (confidently): There is nothing wrong in telling the truth. Barrie sees it clearer than we do here. It is absolute fidelity to their affections that makes people worth anything, whether they be rich or poor. That



"ONLY THE POOR WHO
FEAR THE LORD; THE RICH
PATRONIZE HIM."



"THE GREAT WORLD HAS LAUGHED AND CRIED
OVER 'THE WINDOW IN THRUMS.'"

is why the great world has laughed and cried over the "Window in Thrums." They looked right into the heart of that little family and found everything clean, and genuine, and honest.

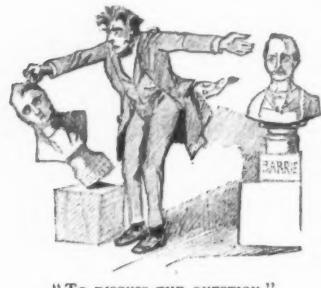
GAVIN (admiringly): What a little philosopher I have married! And I thought she was only a half-wild Egyptian!

BABBIE: Oh, I'll be writing your sermons yet, and the session will wake up to listen.



"HE CAME INTO MY STUDY WITH UNUSUAL
SOLEMNITY."

GAVIN: You can begin by telling me what to say at the Literary Club which meets tonight at the Town House. Haggart asked me yesterday to take part in the discussion. He came into my study with unusual solemnity, and said that after prayerful consideration the



"TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION."

Club had decided that the time had arrived to discuss the question whether Watty Scott or Jamie Barrie was the greatest Scottish novelist. Dite Walls is to read a poem on the subject, and Mr. Dickie is to compare Scott and Homer.

BABBLE: Evidently Mr. Dickie does not put Barrie in the same class with Scott and Homer?

GAVIN: Oh, no. You know he is the free-thinking schoolmaster from Tilliedrum, and is a little jealous of the recent literary eminence of Thrums. The other day he said to me contemptuously: "Jamie Barrie is nought but a U. P. minister turned to writin' tales, and ower poor tales at that. Watty Scott wudna ever hae thocht that Tammas Haggart was sarceetic."

BABBLE (smiling): What does Tammas himself think of Barrie?

GAVIN: Here he is, coming for my answer about attending the Club. Let us ask him.

(Enter Tammas Haggart.)



HAGGART (bowing): Hoo's a' wi ye? And are ye coomin' the nicht to the Leetary Club?

GAVIN: Ay, and I am hoping to hear your views about Jamie.

BABBLE: As I can't be there to hear, won't you tell me what you're going to say, Tammas?

HAGGART (in deep thought): I dinna ken yet. As I hae often said to Jamie Barrie, "Humour spouts oot by itsel." It will be humorous, nae doot, and Davit Lunan winna be able to see the place to lauch. Davit is daft.

BABBLE: But you'll praise Jamie's books won't you? We can't let Mr. Dickie go back to Tilliedrum and say we're ashamed of our ain bairn.

HAGGART: He'll no do that. I mean to be sae sarceetic to Mr. Dickie, that he'll go ben to Tilliedrum wi respect for all of us.

BABBLE (impatiently): But what do you think of Mr. Barrie?

HAGGART (meditatively): Jamie is no a humourist like mysel. Jamie is what, i' the minister's presence, I may call a Romanticalicist, and when I say that, I ken that Waster Lunny will think he knows what I am haverin' aboot. But naebody, even the minister, kens what I mean by a Romanticalist. (Laughing to himself). Ay, maun, but that's a fine bit o' sarcasm. (Rubbing his chin). What I mean by it is that Jamie Barrie sees the outside of hoo we all live in Thrums, but he doesna grasp the real inards of it. So he maks up the inards oot of his ain head and writes it on paper, and calls it a true tale. We are no sae glaikit as he maks us. We were no born on the Sawbath.

GAVIN: But he does not say we are glaikit (silly).

HAGGART (irritated): He put it doon in writin' that Tammas Haggart said, "A body canna be expectit baith to mak the joke an to see't; that would be doin' twa fowlk's wark." I ken better than that. I've made a joke and seen't mysel at the same time—but no vera often. I always see the joke within a week o' makin' it.

BABBLE: I know you do, and

I'll tell Jamie so the next time he comes to Thrums.

(Margaret calls from the door that Weary-world has come to see the minister. All exeunt.)

NEW BOOKS.

NOVEL NOTES. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Mercedes. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Heinrich Heine's Life. Told in his own words. Edited by Gustav Karpeles. Translation by Arthur Dexter. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Dust and Laurels. By Mary L. Pendered. London: Griffith, Farran and Company.

Century World's Fair Book. By Tudor Jenks. New York: The Century Company.

Robert E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

A Long Look Ahead. By A. S. Roe. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

A Student's Romance. By Richard B. Kimball. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

A Gentleman of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, and Company.

An Unknown Heroine. By L. E. Chittenden. New York: Richmond, Croscup and Company.

A WANT.

I'M looking for some pretty girl
Of modest, quiet mien,
Who dresses well, knows how to spell
And has a wit that's keen.

I want no fickle weather-vane
That turns with every wind,
I think a blonde would suit me best—
She must be swell, refined.

She must be constant as a star,
No meteor would do,
And, like her own sweet little self,
Her grammar must be true.

Yet more. If she would be with me,
(Excuse the slang), right "in it,"
She must be able to take down
One hundred words a minute.

Tom Masson.

A SHOCK.

H ECKER: Sherry's head-waiter fainted the other night.

DECKER: Did some one offer him a quarter?

HECKER: No; a man asked him, in a confidential way, what they used as a substitute for terrapin.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER:
Now, Johnny, can you tell me what caused Adam's downfall?

JOHNNY: His fifth rib.

THIS is the time of year when we are reminded that there would be fewer cases of pneumonia in the world if women would learn how to say goodbye.



ROMAN PUNCH.



THESE POOR UNFORTUNATES WILL NOT ATTEND ANOTHER BALL OF ANY IMPORTANCE UNTIL THE FORTY DAYS OF FASTING ARE OVER, THEIR RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM ENABLING THEM TO SUBSIST IN THE MEANTIME ON THE MOST EXPENSIVE DELICACIES.



LENTEON FES

• L'E •



ENTEONFESSONS.



"VENUS."



face, if properly made up, would doubtless be attractive in repose. But in expression and action she is as far from being an artist as Timbuctoo is from the Battery.

The piece is not funny; but if it were, if the lines were the combined output of Tom Hood, W. S. Gilbert, Mark Twain and a score of other recognized humorists, they would be lugubrious and sad in the hands of the alleged comedians who try to be comic in "Venus." On the other hand, if Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper and Senator Crane were in the caste and obliged to confine themselves to the text, the performance would still be funereal and mournful. Mr. Kerker's music is not offensive; but that is the best that can be said for it.

The hero of this production of "Venus" is the gas-man. The discovery of lighting by electricity was a great thing for him. We have spoken of the way he chases Miss d'Arville around the stage with a misfit halo, but this is nothing to his reckless enjoyment with the colored slides. Unfortunately, he is out of sight (both ways) and we can not see his happy expression when he throws a pea-green light on a girl in purple tights, or casts a solferino atmosphere about a chorus clad in blue. We know, though, his delight is supreme when he uses a lot of slides at once and makes the stage and its people look like a set of fifteen-ball pool balls. The capabilities of electric-lighting as applied to the stage are infinite, and this artist has grasped them all.

Metcalfe.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

The Musical Comedy
BARRELS OF BOODLE;
or,
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH US?

By the Boxholders of this Theatre.
An unparalleled display of
GEMS AND COMPLACENCY.
Directions printed on every program enable
visitors to know just which Boxholder
they are looking at.

This is done in
NO OTHER COUNTRY!
There will also be a performance on the stage.



"Yes, sir, they are rough; but that very roughness, by stimulating the skin, renders them very healthful."

"Well, I'll try a suit."



THANK YOU, NEIGHBOR.

IT is very seldom that pleasanter words of praise have reached LIFE'S ear than those in the current number of the *Cosmopolitan*. After speaking of *Punch*, our generous critic says:

LIFE has fought an even braver fight, and has been the active champion of all that is helpless and ill-treated, the advocate of all that is honorable and sincere. The little children who crawl, wasted and fever-stricken, through the heated city streets, the animals that pay with prolonged pain for the pleasures of scientific research—these hapless victims of our advanced civilization find their best friend in this New York comic paper. The girl whose youth and innocence are bartered for wealth in the open markets of matrimony, sees no such vigorous protest against her degradation as in its wholesome pages. It is scant praise to say that LIFE does more to quicken charity, and to purify social corruption than all the religious and ethical journals in the country. This is the natural result of its reaching the proper audience. It has the same beneficent effect that sermons would have if they were preached to the non-churchgoing people who require them.



"THEM'S FOR A FUNERAL, I GUESS!"

"SURE!"

(With a sigh.) "AN' THERE'S SOME PLEASURE IN BEIN' A Fi'TH AVENYER CORPSE!"

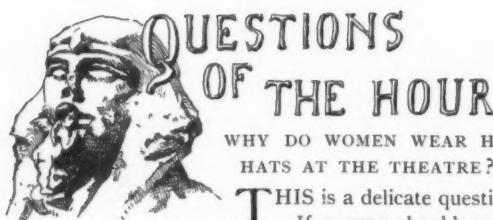
CONSIDERATE.

JUDGE BEGAD: Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with shooting the plaintiff through each ear, one foot, an elbow and along the top of his head. What have you to say for yourself?

ALKALI IKE (the prisoner): Wal, I didn't have no killin' grudge agin him, and so I jest shot him in the thin places around the edges so's not to hurt him too much.

"YES, it's a last summer's straw hat, but I value it from a strange experience I had in the West. I got caught in a cyclone, and before I could recover the hat from the whirl, it had sawed off three or four big trees close to the roots."





QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

WHY DO WOMEN WEAR HIGH HATS AT THE THEATRE?

THIS is a delicate question.

If a man should persist in keeping his hat on at a theatre, that article would very soon be smashed over his ears, and it is possible that he would be ejected from the premises with more celerity than care. If he were allowed to walk in any particular language it would undoubtedly be in Spanish. Men know this, and even those human brutes who delight in making themselves offensive do not presume to undertake it. But gentle woman does this thing, and with hats that are far more obstructive.

The reader will now begin to realize, perhaps, how delicate a question this is to handle, especially for one who, like LIFE, shrinks from unpleasant reflections upon the gentler sex.

But let us put on our softest gloves and go ahead.

Let us suppose that those male bipeds to whom we have alluded were allowed to keep their hats on throughout the performance, and that the women, while removing their own head-gear, refrained from insisting on a chance to see the stage. The fact of these male bipeds being able to derive pleasure from such a gross violation of the rights of others would not only stamp them as brutes, but as brutes of an exceptional brutish type.

As this is precisely what the women are doing, it will be readily perceived why LIFE, as a lover of the ladies, finds it inexpedient to answer this question.

J. A. M.

EXCITED.

STRAWBER: I was getting on an elevated train this morning, and I stepped on the feet of one of the guards.

SINGERLY: Was he mad?

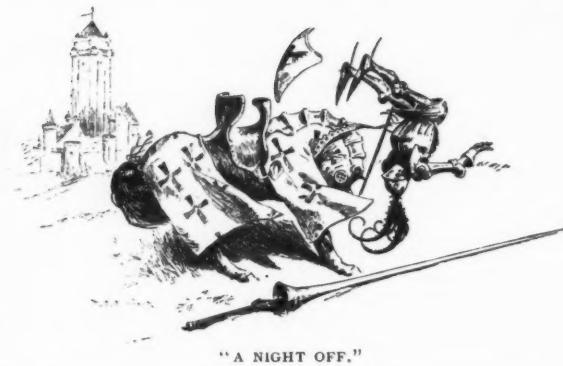
STRAWBER: Great Scott, yes.

He called out the names of several stations.

TAKE THE CARS HERE



“WELL, THESE CITIZENS ARE GENEROUS!”



“A NIGHT OFF.”

WE DRAW THE LINE.

OH! we sigh to taste some coffee like our mothers used to make, And we yearn to get a slice of bread like that they used to bake; But it may be we're ungrateful, yet we're sure we do not care To feel once more a slipper like our mothers used to wear.

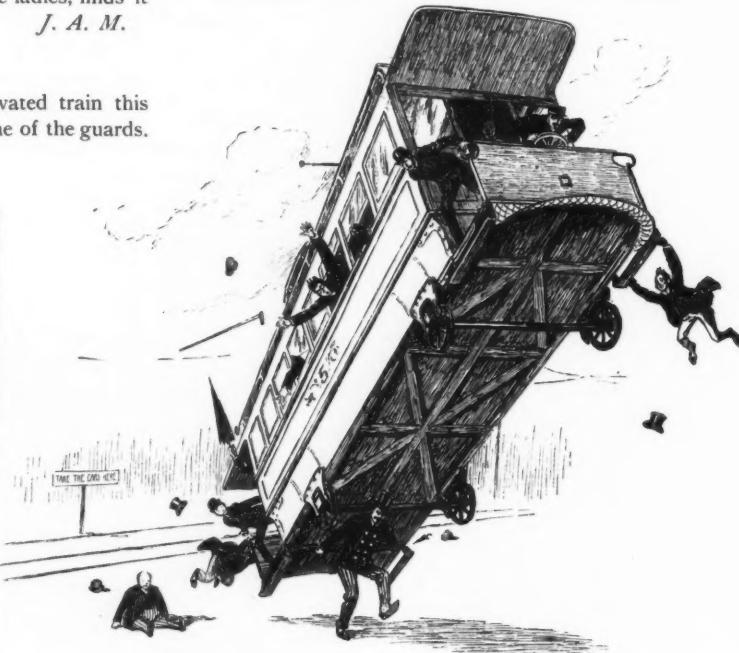
Nixon Waterman.

ALL THE SAME TO HIM.

“L END me ten dollars.”

“I told you yesterday that I was broke.”

“Yes, I know; but I'd just as soon borrow from a liar as anybody else.”





WHAT BOOTS IT?

MODERATE.

MISS PRIMLIPS: When you say your prayers at night, do you pray for all men?

MISS LEFTOVER: No, indeed! Just one would be enough.

"FATHER," asked little Tommy as he climbed his father's knee, "did you ever see an echo!"

"Why, no, my son," replied the parent.

"Well, Willie said his sister went to see one, and it returned her call." And the strong man bowed his head to hide his emotion.

M R. CHEVIOT HILL: Do you know who I am, my little man?

THE LITTLE MAN: Yep. You're the feller who is going to propose to my sister.

WIFE: The baby seems to be very happy to-day.

HUSBAND: Why shouldn't he? He kept me awake all night.



MEAN, HATEFUL THING.

"FRED IS IN AN AWFUL FIX. HE PROPOSED TO ME LAST NIGHT, YOU KNOW, AND—" "AND YOU ACCEPTED HIM?"

FATHER: What's that devilish noise in the kitchen, Bobby?

BOBBY: That's mamma making angel cake!

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

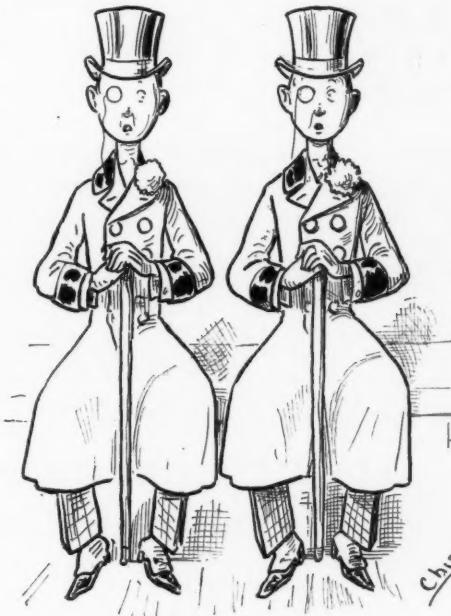
"IF music be the food of love,"
I am rejoiced to find
My passion is a key above
All viands of that kind.

No part of the domestic cat,
Vexed by a horse's tail,
Can make my famished love grow fat
With its lugubrious wail.

The banjo and the mandolin,
The zither and the drum,
The brass band, with its fearful din,
Are not a single crumb.

My love has far a daintier choice,
And strong and hearty grows,
Upon the music of Her voice,
In plain, untortured prose.

Harry Romaine.



"BESIDE HIMSELF."

LIFE



"Now," said the intrepid explorer, after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of the brass watch and had noted his naive wonder at the mysteries of the mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tusks; then you can be the envy of the whole tribe."

The native gentleman yawned. "I traded a second-hand war-club for a bushel of those things when I was at the World's Fair last summer," said he, "and there was not a one of them that ran for more than a week. Got any chewin' about your clothes?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

FROM a paper called *Authors at Home*, we discover that Oliver Wendell Holmes eats, sleeps, drinks, walks, and talks pretty much as the rest of us do. This is news to us Kansas folks. Aldrich gets up at seven o'clock and eighteen minutes, eats breakfast at four minutes after eight, prinks until six minutes after nine, writes for three minutes until ten to eight minutes after two. He eats a big dinner at five and a quarter, gives it sixty-nine minutes to digest, and is then ready for poetry orders. These facts about our leading literary guns are of the highest interest to our nation, and we want more of them. Tell us if Howells believes in red flannels? What is the size of Stedman's collar? Does Miss Phelps use sugar in her tea? Is it true that Kate Field won't wear a bustle? Is it a fact that Miss Alcott knits her own stockings? Does Whittier really eat buckwheat cakes and sausage? Is it so—that Nora Perry never had the measles? Give us more of this "Home Life" business.—*Exchange*.

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